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Life—like good golf—is made up of many little things each one of which helps the score.

Better digestion—steadier nerves—clearer brain, are all factors that count and are gained from the use of Wrigley's.

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Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment but they are habit forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cramp and gripe and leave a depressed after effect.

Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestines and encourage nature's machinery to become lazy.

A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile starts to flow, the bowels move gently, the intestines are thoroughly cleansed and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys a real tonic effect. All druggists 25c and 75c red pkgs.

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

FIRST INSTALLMENT

Exactly how and when the experience began, Eve could not afterward explain. It is possible that there had been a blank interval—of twenty minutes, perhaps of half an hour—before she became conscious that anything was wrong. When the knowledge struck her, however, it struck like a blow. She realized with a terrifying certainty not only that she did not know where she was, but that she did not even know who she was.

Her eyes took in her immediate surroundings. She was obviously on a wide street or avenue of a large city, for crowds of men and women hurried past her, and all around there were imposing buildings and shops with flaunting window displays. The street held nothing she could recognize, yet she had a frantic feeling that she really knew it very well. Occasionally she caught words uttered in the throng, and these clearly carried their meaning to her brain; but no one spoke to her and no one looked at her closely.

Something, she knew well enough, was done to persons in a situation like hers. They were asked questions ..... taken somewhere .. perhaps surrounded by a curious crowd. Every instinct warned her to avoid such a development. She must be so natural in her actions that others would continue to ignore her.

She then become conscious that she was standing still on the sidewalk. She straightened, and, walking to the edge of the curb, looked up and down the street as if waiting for a car or an omnibus.

But the road had no trolley tracks, and the omnibuses—there were omnibuses, and she felt an odd relief at sight of the familiar unwieldly objects—did not stop for passengers in the middle of the blocks. She read their signs, but these gave her no help, though they led to a deepening of the frantic sense that she knew all about these places if only she could remember what she knew.

Her first impulse was to take the next omnibus, to go as far as it would carry her, and thus gain time to pull herstlf together. But she rejected this. She might be herself again—any minute, and then she would be on familiar ground; whereas, if she wandered from it, who could tell how far she might go, or where There was a chance, too, that she had a companion who had temporally lost sight of her, or who was in one of those near-by shops and had asked her to wait....No, she must remain where she was, or near there, for a time at least.

A passing stranger gave her a quick and curious glance. Why? She quickened her pace till she reached the corner; standing there, close to the curb, she looked up and down, as if waiting for a bus.

Looking down at her hands, she had discovered that she was carrying a small bag. In it surely, there would be cards, or a note-book or letter or some other clue to her identity.

She drew farther away from the waiting group and with trembling fingers opened the bag. Like most of the bags women carry, it was devided into two compartments—a center one, closed, for bank-notes and coins, and the remaining space for miscellaneous possessions. She snapped open the center compartment and saw a reassuring display of bank-notes and silver, which she did not take time to examine. She closed it with a throb of thankfulness (at least she was not destitute) and pulled out the other articles in the purse.

There were only three—a handkerchief without initials, still in the folds the laundress had ironed in it, a small pair of nose-glasses in a silk case, marked with the name of a Paris maker, a vanity-box, containing a mirror, a chamois powder-pad, and a cream face-powder. She glanced into the mirror, and the inspection gave her no shock of surprise. She looked like that, whoever she was. But it was appalling to find nothing helpful in the hand-bag!

Her pockets? Of course she had none. The day was a warm one in early September, and she was wearing a one-piece reseda-green silk gown, with no coat. She looked into the mirror again. It reflected the face of a girl about twenty-two or twenty-three, with bronze-colored hair, bobbed and waved, good features, wide, frightened gray-green eyes, and an unnatural pallor. As she returned the mirror to the bag she discovered that she was wearing a wrist-watch, also of Paris make, on a gold-ribbon band. She took it off and examinend it carefully. It bore no individual marking of any kind.

Again she became conscious of curious glances. Before she had time to pull herself together she heard a voice, speaking in accents of authority.

"Anything wrong, miss?" it asked; and she found herself looking up into the eyes of a big policeman.

Her heart stood still, then dropped.

"No," she said quickly. "No, no, of course not."

"Oh, all right," he said easily, but with steady eyes on her face. "Thought you mighta lost somethin' from that purse."

She had a feeling that she was in deadly peril. Another moment, and he would be leading her away, to be asked questions she couldn't answer.....She must keep steady..

Clearly it would not do to linger there much longer, and when another omnibus had come and gone she turned away, choosing a cross-street on an impulse to get from under the officer's eyes.

She had walked half a block before she dared to glance back to see if the policeman had followed her. He had not, but some one else had; and even as she turned the pursuer spoke.

"Pardon me. But can I help you in any way?" he asked.

She stared at him with an uprush of anger. Must she be hounded by the inquisitive, or driven mad by some street lizard? But the voice was an agreeable one, and the face at which she looked matched it. It was the tanned, smooth-shaven face of a young man in the middle twenties, with thick brown hair, good features, and unusually heavy eyebrows. She had seen him among those near her while she waited for the omnibus.

"Pardon me," he repeated, and she saw that he held his straw hat in his hand. "You seem to be in some kind of trouble." Seeing the panic in her eyes, he added hastily: "As we're guests at the same hotel, I thought you might let me help you out."

Notwithstanding his tact and his casual tone, the young man was rather overwhelmed by the way the girl's white face seemed to flash into flame as she heard his words. He had been right, then. Something was wrong with her, and it was no trifle, either.

"Oh," she gasped, "you know me "

He controlled his surprise at the strangeness of the question and manner, telling himself he must get to the bottom of this. The girl was up against something and was frightened out of her wits.

"I don't, he regretfully admitted, "except by sight. But I've seen you at the table next to mine in the hotel dining-room these last three nights, and that makes me feel that I know you. Perhaps it gives me the right to offer help, if you need any—"

He stopped, and for a moment steadily met what was, he afterwards told himself, the strangest look he had ever seen in a girl's eyes. It held many things, of which the chief was fear, with suspicion added, as well as hesitation, and a dawning, indescribably pathetic hope.

A little farther down the block a public building stood, surrounded by a small park whose outstanding features were a fountain, a few trees, and half a dozen benches. He indicated it with a nod.

"We can't stand here. Let's go into that park," he suggested, in the tone of an older brother. "Then you can tell me what's wrong."

He moved forward as he spoke, assuming that she would go with him, and she went, in silence. That much chance, she told herself, she could take—that much and no more.

He walked on with strides adapted to her shorter steps and she kept close beside him, realizing even in the chaos of the moment that she was beginning to trust him. If he had suddenly left her she would have felt that her last hope had gone, too—that he had broken her only tie with the living world around her. She was like a lost and terrified child to whom a kind stranger has held out a guiding hand.

He found seats on a bench so close to the fountain that its flying spray came almost to their feet. Any girl, she told herself, could trust that nice, tanned, clean-cut, face. Nevertheless, she hesitated to speak. .....

"What hotel," she asked at last, "were you speaking of just now?"

He warned himself not to show surprise at anything she said.

"Why, the Garland," he told her. "The hotel where you're stopping. I happen to be there, too."

"I'm wondering if you can be mistaken," she faltered. "I don't remember seeing you."

"You wouldn't," he cheerfully admitted, answering the second remark first. "You've never even looked my way. But I'm not mistaken. And I saw you sitting in front of me last night, enjoying 'The Wild Rose.' It's one of the best of musical comedies, isn't it?"

She drew a quick breath. Something far down within her had responded to that, as if a touched cord had strongly vibrated..... Yet she could not remember. .... She called on her courage and it rallied.

"I'm going to trust you," she said, with a decision that made her voice almost harsh.

"Please do." Again his tone was that of an older brother, and again she met the quiet regard of those dependable brown eyes. They held no suspicion, no curiosity, not even a too obstrusive sympathy.

"If you are right about the hotel," she said, "I can go back there and look at the register. Then I can get in touch with my family and friends, if I have any. I suppose I must have some .... don't you think so?"

"Of course you have," he told her. "But you may be all over this before you get downtown."

H saw her lips relax in something that was almost a smile.

"Thank you so much. I'm trying to keep steady," she said, rising as she spoke; "but I want to get to that hotel as soon as I can, and look myself up. Isn't it a weird situation?" she added, with something that was half a laugh and half a strangled sob. "Where is the Garland?"

He told her. "I'll get a taxicab for you," he added.

As they waited together at the curb he asked impulsively:

"Will you let me go with you? I might be of some use. But of course that's for you to decide."

An empty cab approached and stopped at his signal. He helped her into it, repeated the address to the driver, and stepped back from the curb, bareheaded, accepting her silence as dismissal.

"No, No." she cried. "Get in, please. I'd rather have you with me."

"I'm glad of that," he said as he took his place beside her. "But I think your troubles will soon be over."

She was becoming more hopeful, too. She had the feeling of one who, from the bottom of a black pit into which he has fallen, sees a glimpse of light at its mouth. Yet ..... suppose this Good Samaritan was mistaken?

"The Garland's a nice old hotel," she heard him say, with the matter-of-factness that was so cheering. "To my mind it's the best of the hotels of its type—the kind that used to be fashionable before the city moved away from them."

He saw that she was not listening, and he decided to risk a small experiment.

"Do you know what city you're in?" he asked her.

"No, not even that."

"This is New York."

"Oh ..... New York " She raised a lighted face to him.

"That means something to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Her face shadowed again and puckered like a frightened child's. "But I don't know just what it means—whether I've been here, or whether I've just read about it."

"You were on Fifth Avenue when you waited for the bus."

"Fifth Avenue." She repeated the words, but vaguely. He went on talking, pointing out the city's landmarks, hoping that one of them would "ring a bell," as he mentally expressed it; but again she hardly listened. She was following her own reflections, and now he learn-what they were.

"I have a horror of becoming 'a case'," she said in a shaking voice. "Is there any way of learning who I am without letting others know what's wrong?—without really asking at the desk, I mean."

(Continued Next Week.)

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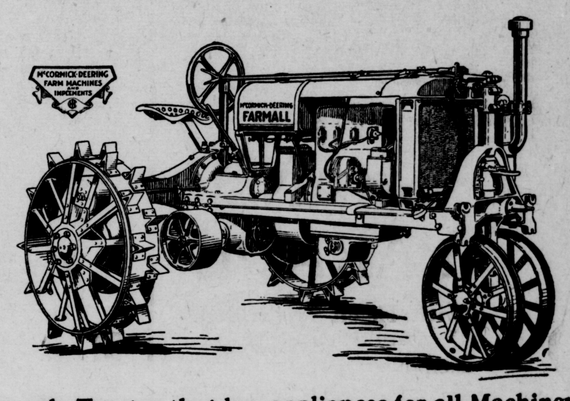

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